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MY FIRST TRIP ABROAD

1906

BY

LEONORA C. MACKEY

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Leonora C. Mackey

LEONORA'S DIARY.

It was in July of 1906 that I took my first trip to Europe. I intended, before sailing, to go to the country with my family for a few days. Accordingly, we left Broad Street Station on the morning of the 5th of July, at nine o'clock, for Stroudsburg. It was a beautiful day and we enjoyed the ride very much. We arrived at Stroudsburg about noon. Mr. Dickerson met us at the station and drove us to the Inn. After having made us comfortable in our rooms, he announced to us that luncheon would be served at 1.30. There were very few people staying there, so it seemed rather dismal, but as we were hungry we managed to eat as only hungry people can after traveling half a day. There was little or nothing to do there so Mrs. B. and I decided to leave on the following afternoon.

When the appointed hour arrived for our departure, we said good-bye to our loved ones who were to remain there for the summer. We drove to the station and took the four o'clock train

to New York, to join Miss S., with whom we were to travel in Europe.

On our arrival in New York we drove to the Manhattan Hotel, where Miss S. had selected beautiful apartments for us. We washed and dressed a little for dinner, after which we sat in our rooms and talked over our plans, as we had not yet secured our passage. We retired about ten o'cock that night.

Next morning, the 7th of July, we arose early, and after breakfast drove to several steamship offices to try to engage passage, but were told we could get nothing until later in the season. We then decided to go to Boston and try there. We went back to the hotel, had our trunks put on a 'bus and drove to the Grand Central Station, where we took the three o'clock express to Boston.

We arrived there about nine o'clock that evening, which was Saturday, and drove to the Bellevue Hotel. I retired immediately, as I felt quite sick, having contracted a cold.

The next day, Sunday, I rested until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we went out to walk on Commonwealth Avenue and along the Commons.

On Monday we arose bright and early, eager to go to the steamship office to see what we could do there, and to our pleasant surprise found just what we wanted, two nice rooms on the "Ivernia." We hurried back to the hotel and repacked our trunks for the steamer, as we were to sail the next day. After luncheon we went out to buy a steamer rug and a few necessary articles for the voyage.

Oh, how long it seemed until the next day! I was sorry to leave those behind me, yet I must say I was feverish with delight, as it was my first trip and had been the dream of my life. But, all things come to those who wait patiently, and that memorable day, the 10th of July, arrived in due time.

After breakfast our trunks and hand-luggage were again put on a four-wheeler, and we drove over to East Boston to the docks. After our luggage was labeled for London we walked up the gang-plank and boarded the "Ivernia." We went directly to our staterooms, after which we looked up the deck steward, and had our steamer chairs placed to our liking. At 12.30 the "Ivernia" left her pier, while friends of those on board stood on the docks and waved their

handkerchiefs and flags until they looked like tiny specks in the distance. Thus we said good-bye to dear America.

There were quite a number of Bostonians on board, but we made no steamer acquaintances, and, as I felt so sick, with the cold I had taken, I spent the first few days in bed. Miss S. and Mrs. B. were very kind to me, popping in now and then to see if they could do anything for me.

Then, after four days had passed, I felt quite like myself, and went up on deck again, sat in my steamer chair and watched the beautiful ocean. How strange it seemed to be surrounded by nothing but water! Then, at night, as I lay in my berth, I could hear the man who keeps watch in the crow's nest call out "All is well." Thus the time passed away, the same thing each day, walking up and down the deck, or sitting in our steamer chairs reading, till at last we were nearing the end of the voyage, which had been very smooth, owing to fine weather and the steadiness of the boat.

The 18th of July arrived, which was the day before landing. We were up at 5.30, dressed and on deck at six o'clock, when we saw the Irish coast, which looked dim in the distance. At

6.25 we saw the first light-house, and passed the steamship "Majestic" at 9.30. You can imagine my eagerness now to see land, having spent eight days on the water. At twelve o'clock noon, we made a landing at Queenstown. In the afternoon we packed our steamer trunks and suit cases.

Next day, the 19th of July, we landed at Liverpool, at nine o'clock in the morning, and it was a beautiful sight to see the vessel taken into port. After having our trunks examined, which was so exciting and strange to me, we took the train to London. We got into the funny little compartment with seats for six, three on each side, but very comfortable. We were then locked in. They blew a whistle, not the ringing of a bell as we have here, and then we found ourselves flying over the London and Northwestern Railway, arriving at London at two p. m.

Busy old London, that I had longed so to see! We had our trunks put on a four-wheeler and were driven to the Westminster Palace Hotel. The porter met us at the door and ushered us in. After a few words with the man in the office as to rooms, we were shown the lift, which took us to the second sleeping floor, where

our apartments, two large stately rooms, with high ceilings and old-fashioned furniture, were located.

We then rang for the maid, who was a tall slender English girl, with very red cheeks, and a cap pinned on the back of her head, or rather, a bow knot with streamers that hung to her waist, reminding me of apron strings. She greeted us with, "Yes, madam," and when I ordered tea and biscuits she said, "thank you," with a rising inflection, and left us. But she soon returned with a large tray, upon which was tea, hot milk and biscuits, and to which we did justice. I was then beginning to feel very English!

After having so refreshed ourselves, Miss S. thought it best to look for a nice Pension, as we were to stay two weeks in London. We then had the porter call us a four-wheeler and drove out to Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, a very pretty street in the West End of London, where Miss S. had stopped several years before. We found, on our arrival there, that it had changed hands, but was conducted under the same management. They had what we wanted, so we arranged to go there the next day. In the even-

ing we sat in our rooms with an open-grate fire which was indeed comfortable, as the nights in London are often chilly, even in July.

July 20th, after breakfast, we again had our trunks put on a four wheeler and drove to Queen's Gardens, where we stayed during my first visit to London. The "lady-help," a poor thin little thing, that looked as if she had never known anything but hard work, met us at the door. She informed us that our rooms were not yet in order, but we might wait in the drawing-room which was on the second floor. After awhile the maid appeared and told us our rooms were ready. She, too, had the apron strings pinned on the back of her head. She said her name was Katie. We were beginning to make the acquaintance of the service! Next came Joseph, a little Frenchman with blue eyes, who looked half frightened because he did not understand English very well. Oh, how his face lighted up when Miss S. spoke to him in French!

After luncheon, we walked over to Queen's Road, a short distance, to the station, and took the "tuppenny tube" and rode down town. Miss S., having been in London before, knew just where to take us. We went first to Brown

Shipley's and got letters of credit and gave orders for our mail. We then walked up old Bond Street, stopped in Makenzie's tea room, and had tea. We found great difficulty in crossing the streets. We rushed first to the island in the center of the street, where a "bobby" usually stands and waited till he held up his hand, for the wagons and hansoms to stop, then rushed to the other side.

After looking the shops over on Regent and Bond Streets we returned to Queen's Gardens and unpacked our trunks and dressed for dinner which was served at seven o'clock. In the evening we remained at home and talked over what we had seen.

July 21st was a beautiful day. After breakfast we went to the National Gallery and spent the entire morning looking at the many beautiful paintings. It is impossible to describe in detail the varied art treasures contained in the Gallery. One can only carry away a recollection of a limited number which especially make their impression. Those which stand out most prominently in my memory are the marvelous picture of the Holy Family, by Murillo, the picture of Richelieu, the celebrated one of Charles

I on horseback, a number of Rosa Bonheur's pictures of dogs and other animals, and the very lifelike portrait of Gladstone, and one of a very disagreeable subject which impressed me deeply. It was a picture of a beautiful woman with the bleeding heart of her lover clasped to her bosom and the tears standing out in her eyes, the exemplification of grief and despair.

After we left the Gallery, we went to Makenzie's tea room and had lunch. Also bought gloves at a store on Bond Street, then took the Bayswater 'bus and rode to Hyde Park. There we sat down on chairs, for which we paid a penny each, to rest before going home, as Queen's Gardens is but a short distance from the park.

July 22.—In the morning we went down town, walked up Trafalgar Square in which stands the statue of the Duke of Wellington and those magnificent lions on either side; facing once more the National Gallery, with the old Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on the opposite corner. We then retraced our steps and walked along the Strand to the Cecil Hotel where we took coffee, then called a four-wheeler and told the "cabby" to drive us home. We then had lunch, after which we went to Hyde Park to see

the Prince Albert Memorial, a gift from Queen Victoria and the people. Also had tea there out in the open.

In the evening we went to Earl's Court exhibition, of which the amusement features seemed to be the most interesting.

July 23.—After breakfast we rested about an hour, then took a four-wheeler and drove down town, passed Buckingham Palace, and saw King Edward's carriage there. He had just alighted and was walking through the grounds to the palace attended by many guards. We then drove on to Westminster Abbey. On entering, I was awed by the magnificence of the architecture, but I offered up a prayer for every one worthy and otherwise. We passed through the various recesses and read inscriptions on many of the tombs; also saw the Royal Chapel and were deeply impressed by the solemnity of it all.

Leaving the Abbey, with its ghostly and chilly atmosphere, we emerged once more into the bright sunlight and pursued our sight-seeing. Passing the Houses of Parliament, we walked over London Bridge and afterward strolled along the Victoria Embankment. After this we drove to Marshall and Snellgrove, one of the best

department stores in London, and did some shopping. In the evening we stayed at home.

July 24.—We spent the entire day at Kew Gardens, an extensive public park which contains a large number of very fine old trees and many hot-houses with very rare plants, each labeled with their botanical names. The natural beauty, together with the beautiful landscape gardening, makes it deeply interesting. They are probably the finest public gardens in Europe. At noon we had luncheon at a little inn at the entrance of the gardens. We returned home late in the afternoon, rested a while, then dressed for dinner and went to Earl's Court again in the evening.

July 25.—After breakfast we walked over to Queen's Road Station, took the "tuppenny tube," and rode down to the Bank of England, then walked through Threadneedle Street to the Minories and on to the Tower of London. This was the prison in which the poor wretches who had offended royalty were incarcerated and frequently shortened by a head's length. We saw there the "Traitor's Gate," the room containing the crown jewels, the armory, the stone stairs beneath which the two princes who were supposed

to have been murdered in the Tower are said to have been buried, and many other objects of interest. Leaving the Tower we drove to Bond Street and took lunch at a restaurant there, after which we went shopping on Regent Street, at Robinson and Cleaver's, and at Peter Robinson's, at Oxford Circus. Returned home and spent the evening talking over all we had seen.

July 27.—Was the first rainy day we had had since leaving the United States. We remained at home all day.

July 28.—Spent the day shopping.

July 29.—In the morning we took a drive through the West End of London, returned to luncheon, and rested until four o'clock, when we went to Fuller's, on Regent Street, and had coffee. In the evening we went to Hyde Park, and came near being locked in the park, not knowing that the gates were locked at 8.30.

July 30.—We spent the day at Richmond Park.

July 31.—Spent the day at the British Museum, seeing as much as we could of the wonderful collection there.

August 1.—Spent the morning at the Zoological Garden. In the afternoon packed our trunks.

August 2.—Spent the day down town attending to various things preparatory to our departure in the evening. We left Miss H.'s boarding house about 7.30 p. m., and Joseph, who had been our faithful servitor during our stay at Queen's Gardens, seemed truly sorry to part with us. He stood on the steps and watched us till our 'bus, with the trunks piled on top, was well out of sight. We drove to Charing Cross where we took the nine o'clock train for Paris, via Dover-Calais. We arrived at Dover about midnight, took the boat to Calais, arriving at one o'clock, after a beautiful moonlight trip across the channel. We then took the train to Paris and arrived there at six o'clock in the morning, August 3d. There was then the usual customs examination of luggage. We then drove to the Hotel Glatz on the Rue de Clichy, had coffee and rolls in our rooms, and proceeded to rest for a few hours, as we were tired out with the night's journey. In the afternoon the concierge procured us a fiacre and we drove through the Champs Elysées, past the Arc de Triomphe and through the Bois de Boulogne, and saw some of the most beautiful mansions in Paris. We stopped at one of the cafés

in the Bois, and had coffee, then drove back to the hotel. The evening we spent in our rooms.

August 4.—In the morning we walked from the hotel to the Boulevard des Italiens, passing the Opera House, then down the boulevard to the Madeline Church, after that we went to Cook's office to buy tickets for Geneva. Returned to the hotel for lunch, after which we walked through the Rue de La Paix, famous for its jewelry shops, and proceeded on our way to the Louvre, crossing the Rue de Rivoli. The Louvre, with its priceless treasures of art, incomparable with any institution on earth of its kind! Once a royal palace, now the receptacle of the greatest art treasures of mediæval and modern times. The Salon Carré, in which are placed Murillo's Immaculate Conception and the Wedding Feast of Cana. The galleries contain many works of almost all celebrated masters of olden times, the Venus de Milo and other statues. These, together with numberless art treasures of historical interest, all combine to make the Louvre indescribably beautiful and interesting. The evening we spent writing letters and preparing for our departure in the morn-

ing, reluctantly, on my part, as I would liked to have seen more of Paris.

August 5.—We had breakfast at 6.30, then drove to the Gare de Nord, where we took the 9.20 train to Geneva. The country through France was indeed beautiful, but, entering Switzerland, with the high peaks all around us, I thought the grandest sight I had ever seen. We arrived at Geneva at 7.30 Sunday night. After having our trunks examined we drove to the Hotel Angleterre and selected our rooms, which were very pretty and comfortable, with a balcony attached, overlooking Lake Geneva. We then went down to the dining-room and had dinner and retired early.

August 6.—While I waited for Miss S. and Mrs. B. before going to breakfast, I sat on the balcony and watched the lake and Mt. Blanc, which presented a majestic appearance, standing out in the distance. After breakfast we took a drive along the lake and through the town, passed the Cathedral, then drove to the river junction, and saw the River Rhone which is blue, and the River Arve which is white, come together. This, with the intense green of the foliage on the banks and the mountains in the dis-

tance, makes a most picturesque sight. In the afternoon we walked along that beautiful promenade of La Treille, planted with chestnut trees, below which is the Botanic Garden, laid out by the celebrated Aug. de Chandolle. Then returned and sat on a bench along the quay opposite the hotel. In the evening we sat on the hotel porch and amused ourselves watching the people walking along the lake.

August 7.—Spent the morning shopping. In the afternoon took a drive through the town; returned about four o'clock and sat down by the lake to enjoy the beautiful scenery. In the evening sat on the hotel porch and saw a display of fireworks.

August 8.—Spent most of the morning on the promenade La Treille. In the afternoon went shopping and prepared to leave the next morning.

August 9.—We left Geneva at 6.50 for Interlaken, and arrived at Lausanne, a very pretty place on Lake Geneva, at eight o'clock. Stopped there a few minutes, then passed on and arrived at Bern at 10.25, changed cars and had lay-over of twenty-three minutes. Bought sandwiches and beer from a little sunny-faced Swiss boy.

As we passed through the country I was intensely interested in seeing the picturesque little chalets with flower boxes at the windows, and I noticed, too, that some of the barns had crucifixes hanging on the doors. We stopped at Thun at 11.30. The scenery between Bern and Thun is most beautiful. The railway runs to the east for a distance of about sixteen miles, then descends along the hill side, affording a magnificent view of the Bernese Alps. Our next stop was Spiez, which is charmingly situated on Lake Thun. We arrived at Interlaken at 12.30, left our trunks in the station and proceeded to look up a place where we could get luncheon. This we found in a pretty little garden café on the Höhenweg. The Höhenweg is an avenue of old walnuts and planes extending from the village of Aarmühle to the upper bridge over the Aare and is filled with quaint but tempting little shops. The maid who served us with luncheon was dressed in her native costume, a bright red skirt, white guimpe and black velvet corsage which was very picturesque. We then procured a carriage and drove to several hotels and looked at rooms. Finally located at the Beau Site, which is a very pretty Pension with quite a beautiful garden

attached and commanding a fine view of the Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger. Interlaken lies between the lakes of Thun and Brienz and is a favorite summer resort, noted for its mild and beautiful climate, and consists of the villages of Interlaken, Matten and Unterseen. After our trunks had been sent for and unpacked, we walked into the town, which takes fifteen minutes from the Beau Site, and looked the shops over. In the evening we went to the Kursaal, on the Höhenweg, a café restaurant set in a beautiful garden, where there was a very fine orchestra. The price of admission was one franc each.

August 10.—Had breakfast served in the garden at 8.30, a real Swiss breakfast, consisting of coffee, rolls and honey, then spent the morning in the woods and walking along the hillside where we could observe the Jungfrau, which looked so beautiful, covered with snow. The afternoon we spent in the town and the evening went to the concert in the Kur-garten again.

August 11.—We received the first mail from home, so spent the morning answering letters. In the afternoon we drove to Spiez, a beautiful drive along Lake Thun. The evening, as usual, went to the Kursaal.

August 12.—Was Sunday, so we remained at home in the morning, in the afternoon walked in town, stopped in one of the gardens on the Höhenweg, to have coffee, and heard some Tyrolese yodling. In the evening, while at dinner, all the guests left the dining-room and walked out on the terrace to see the marvelously beautiful effect produced by the reflection of the sun as it was setting on the Jungfrau; later on went to the Kursaal to the concert. There was also the most beautiful display of fireworks I have ever seen.

August 13.—After breakfast we drove to Lauterbrunnen Valley by way of Wilderswil. It is a low, broad, rocky, valley with numerous streams or springs that descend from the rocks and from which it derives its name, "nothing but springs." It is beautifully wooded with pines and many other trees, and in the distance one can see the pretty little chalets along the mountain side. The snow mountain to the left, rising above the hugh rocky precipices of the Schwarze-Mönch, is the Jungfrau, and to the right is the Breithorn. We drove on through the valley, passing Staubach Falls, a fine white spray flowing out from the mountain top and descending

its side. In the bright sunshine it resembled a silvery veil. I was spell-bound, for never, in my wildest dreams, had I hoped to see anything so beautiful. We took our luncheon in a hotel at Lauterbrunnen, after which we walked to Trümmelbach Falls. We stood on a bridge to look at it, with our coats on, and held umbrellas over us. As the water rushes out madly from the rocks it beats against the rock opposite, making a fine spray which gives the effect of being in a rain storm. It is fed by the glaciers of the Jungfrau. With the sun shining down upon it a beautiful double rainbow is formed in the spray. We returned late in the afternoon, did some shopping, then went to the Kursaal in the evening.

August 14.—In the morning we drove to Wilderswil. In the afternoon took a boat on Lake Thun and went to Oberhofen, about an hour and a half's ride from Interlaken. We were so charmed with the place that we made arrangements to go there to the Victoria Hotel on the 16th, two days later. After having coffee in the garden we took the boat and rode once more down the beautiful Lake of Thun, with the

mountains on its banks. In the evening we remained at home.

August 15.—In the morning we went in town and shopped. In the afternoon remained at home and wrote letters. In the evening went to the Kursaal.

August 16.—In the morning packed our trunks. In the afternoon left Interlaken and went to Oberhofen, arriving there about four o'clock. There was a fiacre from the hotel awaiting us on our arrival at the boat-landing. The driver, with his dark-blue suit and white gloves, drove us up to the hotel, where we found part of the service lined up at the door to welcome the newcomers. Our rooms were on the second sleeping floor overlooking the lake, with a charming little balcony attached, which we found especially attractive during our stay there. We dined at seven o'clock, then sat out in the garden and had our coffee served there.

August 17.—In the morning it rained, so we remained in the hotel. In the afternoon it cleared and we went out to take a walk and stopped at one of the two shops which Oberhofen afforded. Also passed the town pump where we saw women washing clothes. In the evening

amused ourselves watching the children in the hotel playing games.

August 18.—After breakfast sat on the balcony of my room for awhile enjoying the exquisite scenery across the lake. The embankment on the opposite side looked like little gardens laid out with the mountains in the background. Later on we took a walk to a small town called Filterfingen. Returned to the hotel and had lunch, then took the boat to Thun, a twenty minutes' ride from Oberhofen. Thun is a quaint old town, beautifully situated on the Aare, and is the gateway into the Berner Oberland. We were just in time for the concert at the Kursaal, after which we went shopping and returned to Oberhofen. The evening we spent in the garden.

August 19.—In the morning it rained and was as cold as a November day in the States. We sat in our room with shawls on. After lunch it cleared and was quite warm again. We took a walk and on our return had coffee served in a little log house in the garden. The evening we spent in my room playing cards.

August 20.—In the morning took a walk in the woods and stopped at a café down the moun-

tain side for tea. In the afternoon we went to Thun by boat, stopped at the Kursaal to hear the music, then walked through the queer little old town and shopped, then took a carriage and drove home; a beautiful drive along the lake In the evening we attended a concert in the hotel.

August 21.—Was a perfectly beautiful morning. We drove to Thun and shopped. In the afternoon we walked through the country and stopped in one of the gardens to have coffee. The evening we spent sitting on the balcony as it was a beautiful moonlight night. Those days spent at Oberhofen were very much alike, but I enjoyed every minute of them as the scenery was so magnificent and everything seemed so peaceful. I shall always retain in my mind the beautiful mental picture, which I carried away with me, of quiet little Oberhofen.

August 22.—The morning was glorious and we spent in walking through the country. In the afternoon we went to Interlaken by boat. The evening was beautiful and clear. I thought the stars had never shone more brightly. We sat on the balcony of my room and listened to the

town band as it played on a little boat passing up and down along the lake.

August 23.—The morning was warm and clear. After breakfast we drove to Beatushöhle, a beautiful drive along the charmingly wooded banks of Lake Thun, attractive for either walking or driving. We found there the picturesque Falls of Beatenbach, which can be seen after ten minutes' walk from the entrance. On ascending the road which leads up to the Grotto one finds a little rustic bridge at each intersection with the falls flowing down between, and which can all be seen as one sits in the garden café at the base. This is a beautiful and restful scene, especially on a warm day. We spent about an hour there, then drove back to the hotel. After luncheon we rested until four o'clock, then went out to walk and stopped at the Restaurant zum Bär and had lemonade. The evening we spent in the garden.

August 24.—In the morning we drove to Thun. The afternoon we spent napping, and in the evening sat on my balcony and listened to the town band again.

August 25.—The morning was warm and sultry so we sat in the garden and read. In the

afternoon went to Thun by boat and drove back. in the evening, after dinner, we had coffee served in the garden and sat out until quite dark, when we retired to our rooms to write letters.

August 26.—In the morning we walked again to the little town of Filterfingen. In the afternoon we paid another visit to the Restaurant zum Bär, a garden café situated on the hillside, with a view of the road. While sitting there we saw two women hurrying along the road followed by two men carrying a tin bath tub, all talking excitedly, and we wondered what their trouble was, but soon learned that a woman had upset an alcohol stove over herself. Before those who hastened to her aid could reach her, she had burned to death. The evening we spent in our rooms feeling rather depressed from the excitement of the afternoon.

August 27.—Spent the entire day in my room owing to indisposition.

August 28.—The morning was quite cool, so we took a brisk walk through the country and returned to luncheon. After we had lunched went to Thun by boat and attended the concert at the Kursaal; walked through the town and shopped, then drove back and retired early.

August 29.—We took our favorite walk through the country. In the afternoon packed our trunks, then paid a farewell visit to the Bär garden. In the evening we sat on the balcony of my room, talking over the quiet, but most enjoyable, days we had spent there, and wondering if it would ever fall to our lot to visit Switzerland again, which I am happy to say I did the following summer.

August 30.—We arose at seven o'clock and drove to Thun, where we took the 9.30 train to Lucerne. Arrived at Bern at 10.08, changed cars and had lay-over of forty-minutes, then proceeded to Lucerne, enjoying again the beautiful views from both sides, on the right the hilly district of northern Switzerland, and to the left the Bernese Alps. We arrived at Lucerne at 1.45, left trunks at the station, but took our suit cases and drove to the National Hotel. After securing our rooms we set out immediately to see what we could, as we were only to remain over night. We managed to see and learn quite a little, considering how short a time we spent there. Lucerne is probably the most popular resort in Switzerland, especially so with English and American visitors who have made it fash-

ionable. It is beautifully situated at the head of Lake Lucerne with fine views of, and excursions to, the Rigi and Pilatus. The city itself has a number of places of interest, the most prominent of which is the noted Lion of Lucerne carved in a rock, by Thorwaldsen, in memory of officers and soldiers of the Swiss Guard who fell in the defence of the Tuileries in 1792. Other points of interest are the Schweizer Hof and National quays with their avenue of chestnuts, and the Hofkirche, said to have been founded in the seventh century. Also the Rathaus built in the middle of the sixteenth century. The old triangular bridge is another object of interest. Lucerne is quite a railroad center and the starting point of many excursions on the lake and to points far and near in the mountains. We saw the places mentioned above in the afternoon. In the evening we went to one of the gardens to hear some music.

August 31.—We left Lucerne at 9.08 in the morning for Bellagio. At 11.15 we entered the St. Gotthard tunnel, emerging at the other end in about eighteen minutes. After that the country was Italian in character, the villas had Italian names and were not so well kept as in north-

ern Switzerland. At 1.25 we arrived at Lugano, having passed through sixty-four tunnels; we changed cars there and were carried down an incline road to the level of the town; we then walked through a narrow winding street to the boat landing. It was there that we gained our first impressions of an Italian town. It was not particularly clean, and the odor of garlic and cheese was very strong. At the landing we took a boat and crossed Lake Lugano to Porlezza, then went by train to Menaggio. The train was made up of queer little open compartment cars with red silk curtains, and was different from anything we had seen before. The railway runs on a narrow track overlooking a low broad valley about one hundred and fifty feet below. The country from Porlezza to Menaggio is perfectly exquisite. The coloring of the foliage is soft and beautiful and the mountains have a pinkish shimmer over them. Approaching Menaggio we could see Bellagio, which is at the head of the Peninsula, dividing Lakes Lecco and Como. We arrived at Menaggio at four o'clock where we took the boat and crossed Lake Como to Bellagio in fifteen minutes. The hotel 'bus met us at the landing and drove us up to the Grand

Hotel Bellagio, where we found the proprietor with his dog, the concierge, a big fat Italian, who looked like a good-sized hogshead, half a dozen waiters and the "boots," all lined up at the door to welcome the arrivals. We were quickly escorted to our rooms, which had been previously engaged. They were large and luxurious, overlooking the garden. We then unpacked our trunks and got out our thin clothes, as it was hot in Bellagio. In the evening, after dinner, we walked through the grounds of the hotel, which fronts on Lake Como. To the left is a beautiful walk of low trees, forming an archway, with electric lights about eight feet apart peeping from the tops. We sat down on a bench there and soon found that it was quite a promenade for the young people. As I sat there I thought that for two people who really love each other it was an ideal spot, ideal environment and ideal opportunity.

September 1.—In the morning we drove up a winding road which led to the highest point on the hill above the hotel, where the Villa Serbelloni, in which Josephine lived during the Napoleonic invasion of Italy, is situated. It is a long, low building, with an annex on the end,

at right angles with the main building, and is now used as a Pension in connection with the Grand Hotel. The villa stands in a magnificent Italian garden, with a number of walks, one in particular is a winding path, overlooking Lake Lecco, affording a superb view, another leads to a very picturesque grotto, and, through the garden, there are a number of flower beds containing many rare and beautiful plants. We had our luncheon at the villa, after which we sat out in the garden, under a large palm tree, and had coffee served there. We then walked down a beautiful path, shaded by palm and rubber trees, to a tunnel which was cut in the rock to obtain the view on the other side. We returned to the hotel about three o'clock in the afternoon, and rested until time to dress for dinner, after which we walked down to the town and through an arcade to see the quaint little Italian shops.

September 2.—A beautiful, warm and clear morning. After breakfast we went down to the shops, then took the 'bus and drove up to the Villa Serbelloni, where we had our luncheon; then sat in the garden under the most exquisite Italian sky, quiet and peaceful, not a sound, ex-

cept an occasional rustling of leaves, caused by a lizard scampering through them. We returned to the hotel late in the afternoon. In the evening, after dinner, we walked through the garden of the hotel and down the broad white stone steps which lead almost to the water's edge of Lake Como. Later on we sat out on top of a low building, arranged as a roof garden, watching the searchlights moving along the shores of the lake on the opposite side to prevent smugglers coming in. As we sat there we heard the beautiful strains from a violin, then a rich and full baritone voice rang out clearly in the night air. It came from one of the gardens below, where a sacred concert was being held.

September 3.—After breakfast we took a rowboat and crossed the lake to Menaggio, to visit the famous Villa Carlotta, the property of the Duke of Saxe Meiningen. A guide met us at the gate and escorted us to a marble salon which contains many statues, one in particular is that of Cupid and Psyche. We were then taken through the garden, which is marvelously beautiful, with a wealth of southern vegetation, palms of every description, numerous gigantic rubber trees, and one magnolia tree which is a foot and

a half in diameter. We also walked through a trellis walk of lemon trees. After enjoying about an hour's stay in this most beautiful garden, which seemed like fairy land to me, we got in the boat, which had a pretty red canopy, and were rowed back to Bellagio. We took our lunch in the hotel, and in the afternoon packed our trunks. The evening we spent in the garden.

September 4.—We left Bellagio at 9.16 for Como, and while at the landing, waiting to go aboard the boat, I saw eight women in a row kneeling down on the shore, washing clothes in the lake. The trip up Lake Como was a delightful one. From the boat we could command a fine view of its banks, with a number of small towns on both sides, and handsome villas, with luxurious gardens, back of which are many old chestnut and walnut trees. All this, together with the green mountains in the distance, over which was a pinkish hue, combined to make a scene of incomparable beauty. We arrived at Como about noon, and had luncheon at the Grand Hotel Plinius, one of the finest hotels on the Italian lakes. We left Como at two o'clock for Lucerne, where we arrived at 6.50 p. m., having passed through the St. Gotthard tun-

nel again. We went to the National Hotel, as before, and remained over night.

September 5.—We left Lucerne at nine a. m., and arrived at Basel, which is the frontier town, at 11.50, where we had a lay-over of about two hours. We checked our luggage and boarded an electric tramway and rode to the Hotel of the "Three Kings," where we had luncheon, then returned to the station and took the train to Baden Baden. On leaving Basel we had a glimpse of the Rhine. The country through Baden was rolling and very pretty. The farms gave evidence of careful cultivation and productiveness. We arrived at Baden Baden at 5.17 p. m., and drove at once to the Holländischer Hof. We dined at seven o'clock, then went to the Kur Garten, where there are concerts every afternoon and evening during the season. Baden Baden is very attractively situated at the entrance of the Black Forest, surrounded by beautifully wooded hills, and is one of the most noted watering places in Europe. The Oosbach, a very pretty little stream, flows through the town. There are a number of mineral springs, the most frequented of which is located in the Trinkhalle. Also two large, hand-

some and commodious bath houses, the Friedrick's Bad and the Augusta Bad, the latter for women only.

September 6.—At eight o'clock we walked to the Trinkhalle to drink the hot spring water before breakfast. After breakfast we walked out the Lichtenthaler Allee, the most attractive walk in the vicinity, and extends along the left bank of the Oosbach, with fine old trees on both sides, surrounded by flower beds. On the left, beyond the brook, is a large tennis court and several fine hotels. On the right are picturesque villas and a number of garden cafés. Of all the wooded districts I have seen, none presents so beautiful and varied a landscape as the Lichtenthaler Allee In the afternoon we drove through the forest, with its sombre and stately pines, to the Jagd Haus, an inn, where we had coffee and cake, then back to the hotel. In the evening we went to the Kur Garten, which was decorated with red and yellow balloons hanging from the branches of the trees, producing a brilliant effect. In the garden were two pavilions, one with an orchestra, the other with a band, playing alternately.

September 7.—We went to the Trinkhalle, as

before, to drink the hot water before breakfast. Later on went shopping, then walked out the Lichtenthaler Allee, and returned to dinner at one o'clock. After dinner, we drove to the Altes Schloss, a large structure, part of which dates back to the third century, when the Romans constructed some fortifications there, but has been a complete ruin since 1689, when it was destroyed by the French. The tower is accessible by stone steps, from which a view of the Rhine Valley, in the distance, and the beautiful valley of Baden is obtained. There is also a restaurant there, and shady seats in the open air, where visitors may rest and refresh themselves. It was a glorious September day, and we enjoyed the drive to the Altes Schloss and back very much. In the evening we went, as usual, to the Kur Garten, and I was intensely interested in seeing the bourgeoisie as they strolled through the garden, with huge Alsatian bows of black sash ribbon on their heads.

September 8.—We went, as usual, to the Trinkhalle. After breakfast we drove to the Gerolsau Falls, passing through Lichtenthal, a small village with quaint little hamlets. We returned to dinner at one o'clock, after which we

had coffee served out on the terrace; then walked through the forest and up the favorite walk of the Empress Augusta. In the evening we went to the Kur Garten, which was still decorated with red and yellow balloons, "the Baden colors." There was a magnificent display of fireworks, the last of which was a bust figure of the Grand Duke. The celebration was in honor of the eightieth birthday of the Grand Duke, which occurred the following day, Sunday, September 9th.

September 9.—In the morning we went shopping, then walked out the Kaiser Allee, and returned to dinner, as usual, at one o'clock. In the afternoon we drove again to the Jagd Haus. In the evening we remained in our rooms, and had coffee served there, as it was quite cool out of doors.

September 10.—After breakfast we walked through the town, passing the bath houses, which are very fine buildings. In the afternoon we took our favorite walk out the Lichtenthaler Allee; stopped in one of the cafés to have coffee. The evening we spent writing letters.

September 11.—We devoted the morning to shopping. In the afternoon we took a farewell

walk out the beautiful Lichtenthaler Allee; returned to the hotel about four o'clock, and drank coffee in the garden. In the evening we packed our trunks.

September 12.—We drove to the Bahn Hof immediately after breakfast, where we took the 9.10 train to Paris, via Strassburg. We arrived at Avricourt, the frontier town, at 11.12, French time, and the customs inspector came into the compartment to examine our luggage. We arrived at Nancy at 12.30, and had a lay-over of half an hour. A boy brought our luncheon in baskets from the station restaurant. The country through France is flat, and not so picturesque as the other countries. We arrived at Paris at 6.20 p. m. Such a bustle and jabbering I never heard before! We then had our trunks examined, and drove to the Gare de Nord, where we dined, and took the nine o'clock train to Calais, arriving there at 1.15 in the morning; then crossed the channel to Dover, where we took the 3.30 train to London. Arrived at London at six o'clock on Thursday, September 13th. After our luggage was examined, which took about an hour, we drove to Queen's Gardens, as before, and retired at once to sleep until about ten

o'clock. Then we breakfasted, went down town, and stopped at Brown Shipley's for our mail. We next went to the old tea house on Bond Street for luncheon, and it seemed so good to be in London once more, as I had become quite fond of the city during our previous stay there. In the afternoon we strolled through Hyde Park, and the evening we spent in our rooms, as it rained.

September 14.—After breakfast we drove down to Dickens and Jones, where I purchased a long coat and other necessary articles for the steamer trip. We then took our luncheon at Fuller's, on Regent Street, after which we drove to Hyde Park, where we had tea at five o'clock. In the evening we remained at home.

September 15.—Immediately after breakfast we went to Brown Shipley's to cash our letters of credit, then spent the rest of the day in various department shops.

Sunday, September 16, was a cold, rainy day, and we were obliged to stay indoors until about four o'clock, when it cleared, and we drove down to the Cecil Hotel and had coffee there, returning to supper at 8.30, which was the hour for supper on Sunday evenings at Queen's Gardens. I

suppose it was arranged so that people might attend church at six o'clock.

September 17.—It was a bright, clear morning, but seemed quite wintry. I was very comfortable in my heavy coat. We went to the Army and Navy store to shop, then to Brown Shipley's to change money; then to Euston Station to order our 'bus for the next day, to take us and our belongings to the station. When we got home we found we had not enough English money to last until we left, so we went back to Brown Shipley's. It being our last day in London, we had a great deal to attend to. We returned late in the afternoon. After dinner we packed our trunks for the steamer.

September 18.—We left Queen's Gardens with many farewells, and the same sad looks from Joseph and the rest of the service as before. We drove to Euston Station and took the 10.45 train to Liverpool where we boarded the "Iverna" once more, and set sail to America at 4.30 p. m. We made ourselves comfortable in our steamer chairs where we remained until dinner time. In the evening we walked around the deck until about nine o'clock when we retired to our staterooms.

The next day, September 19th, we made a landing at Queenstown at 11.15. I was very much amused at an Irish woman who came out in a rowboat to sell laces to the passengers on board. After leaving Queenstown I took no more interest in the voyage until the day of landing, as I felt too sick, and spent most of my time in my stateroom. When one is sick nine days on the ocean seems a long while, and when at last the 28th of September arrived, the excitement of landing on our native shores was so keen I felt quite well again. We did not get into Boston Harbor until evening, but some of the passengers were up at five o'clock in the morning with hats and coats on, all ready to walk off the boat the next minute. At five o'cock in the afternoon everyone was assembled in the dining-room to make customs declarations, and at 6.30, amid the wildest enthusiasm, we were land once more on American soil. It was eight o'clock before we were through with the examining of trunks and off the docks. We drove at once to the Bellevue Hotel in Boston, where we remained over night and took the eight o'clock train next morning to New York.

September 29.—We lunched at the Savoy

Hotel and took the 3.30 train to Philadelphia, arriving about six o'clock in the evening, after the most enjoyable summer I ever experienced.

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